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BY ALICE MAUD MEADOWS. Author of "One Life Between," "When the Heart is Young," "The Eye of them up with blue ribbon, and written the dates on each. Fate," "Days of Doubt," "The

Threads of Life," Etc.

found nothing of interest. As carefully The tale opens with the meeting in Hyde them back again.

Park of Jasper Warne and his wife Carline, whom he had deserted. Warne promises to and proceeded to open the drawers. meet the woman again, and bring what In the third one she searched she found it not, even in our most excited moment, money he can spare. The scene then changes to the bachelor chambers of Philip Glichrist, Jasper's cousin, and the reader learns that Philip had once been in love with a girl in it which proved Jasper heavily in the ham, and that h_2 is now passionately at-him, and that h_2 is now passionately attached to Leslie Bell, a charming young Maria did not possess one of these ordin-orphan, who has just, by a decision of the ary cash boxes, and was just shuting it courts, become mistress of a great fortune. when it struck here there was a good The deferred meeting between Jasper deal of room wasted in the middle of this Warne and his wife takes place, and the one. She investigated matters, and woman is not so easily bought off as found she could move a slide. Under this But a woman of property has duties. You knowledked he had once loved had been Jasper imagined she would be. To avoid a slide there were papers, and a bent pho- have no news, Jasper?" quarrel in the street he takes her to a tograph. She took them out eagerlyhouse in which both Philip and himself have they were letters written from a woman

chambers. Finding that he had accidentally to a man. taken Philip's key, he brings his wife to his cousin's rooms instead of his own. About this time a money-lender's assistant, com-CHAPTER XXV.

ing to see Jasper to press for payment of a "Not at home?" "No, sir."

loan, enters Jasper's rooms. and finds them empty. While there he hears footsteps in empty. While there he hears footsteps in the passage, and his sweetheart, Rachel, who had accompanied him, and whom he had left in a cab outside, sees a man leave the house with a face "white as chalk." At a ball which is held the same evening again? Women's minds-what little they at the house of Mrs. Strangeways, with whom Leslle Bell lives, both Philip and Jasper proposes to the helress, and the former is accepted. Philip reaches his who had run away? And for that reachambers at four in the morning, and goes straight to his bedroom. Awakening an hour "I think Miss Bell has left town," the later with a start, and being unable to man volunteered, out Mrs. Strangeways sleep, he enters the sitting room to get a is at home. Would you like to see her?" book, and there sees the dead body of Car- Jasper stepped into the hall. line. Later on the police, who are sum- "Thank you," he answered, and was

moned, learning that Philip knew the wo- shown into the drawing-room. man, and finding a portrait of her in ...e Mrs. Strangeways joined him very

room, suspect Philip of the deed. Leslie, however, to whom Philip has confided his "I'm so sorry I was out each time be early love episode, has unshaken faith in fore." she said, "and the servants could her lover, and refuses his offer to release tell you nothing, of course, Well, I can't do much more. Leslie has just taken

her from her engagement. CHAPTER XXIV.

aunt's home with wonderful quickness. In twenty-four hours Mas Bloc hould In twenty-four hours Mrs. Bloor hardly vants. I'm afarid this disappearance of knew how she had done without her. She Mr. Philip Gilchrist has upset her very answered all the tradesmen's rings, wait-ed upon Jasper, who was now the only much, and she feels she must be on the move, doing something. I don't at all ed upon Jasper, who was now the only gentleman occupying his chambers in still, what can I do? She's her own misapprove of her running about like this; 24B, Park View, and made herself useful in a hundred ways.

I've met a nicer, more obliging girl; and she is?" in his hands, surely you know where she is?" if it wasn't for those ugly goggie glasses,

ing. She's got rather a pretty way of ed after you called that day at breakfast hansom. Leslie sitting well into the ing her head, and her hands are beautiful in shape, if they are dark in like a mad thing; denouncing someone- fortable. Jasper frowned a little, but said nothing about it. She should creep the tar brush on the mother's side?" Maria was certainly plain. Her eyes, no one at Park View had ever seen. Her skin was almost as dark as the skin of an Indian. Her black hair was coarse and frizzy, and came down in an ugly by, "any more news of Mr. Philip Gil-way or her ser: her mouth berrare way over her ears; her mouth, however, | christ?'

<text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text> was beautiful. Jasper found himself looking at it ward, and tracing the pattern of the car-man is a little ashamed even when she betwith his stick. "Probably he's on does not cling to a human shipwreck. heard, from a village called Neston. about who killed her, isn't it?" twenty miles away. People-he did not "You mean- " Maria said, and paused. know why-had fought rather shy of the she was the plainest girl he had ever seen; her nose, too, was good, but the his way to America or Spain, or some of those places, by now. But I can't trou-Jasper asked. "You have not heard from Philip?" "I mean the man she called husband girl; she had been quiet enough, had kept in the park. and, mind you, I think he was her husband. Mrs. Carline was a herself to herself, and was certainly black fringe coming down to the lower a moment and a queer, puzzled look came dow. She had been looking through the winpoor; she had been very particular about religious woman, not the sort of woman part of the face look heavy. , "Do you know," he said to her once, "Do you know," he said to her once, must lie on it. But, Leslie-we must he? It would be impudence, under the the photograph he had taken of her, and and broken down by the diseases and weaknesses peculiar to her sex? Can belongs to her on the battlefield of everyday exertion and struggle? Can also hope to be a capable mother or efficient wife? The dreadful sufferings which women endure solely because of the delicate, special organization which makes them wives and mothers, leads a thoughtful person to consider whether it is most account or for the sake of the other lives that are somer or later dependent. It is certain that the great work which has been done toward restoring the physical capacity of women in the last thirty-eight years, by Dr. R. V. Pierce, go off the straight line." he felt sure it was for a lover-that was Maria caught at one word. really all he knew. "And you took her only in the one po-"Why? I've no authority to search for per, I should like to hear, and I do wish, "you'd look a different creature if you'd search for her." "Religious?" she said. "Then she went church here? The clergyman would away with that brute of a fringe, and sition?" the girl asked. "I took three or four," the photograph those glasses. What's the matter with your eyes? Why don't you have them free." oh. I do, that you did not think him ow something about her guilty, that you would say so. It would Mrs. Smith shook her head. r answered, "and had a rough proof of seen to? It's a woman's duty to try and look attractive. "Oh, dear, no," he answered. "No "No," she answered, "she didn't wo each. I should fancy she sent them all ship here, she made uo friends here. She Maria only giggled. She seldom did woman-at least, no woman in anything o the man, before she made up her mind "Horrible?" was a strange woman, was Mrs. Carline. more in the presence of Jasper. She was of a set-is a free woman. She's bound "Yes, for one cousin to think another which she would have. I think so be ause she was several days deciding." Some people fought sny of her, as some shy of him, and did not come to his rooms by conventionality; tied to the apron-when he was in them more than she strings of Mrs. Grundy. Besides, she halted a little as he talked—"I can underfolk always will when a woman, who is "She didn't tell you anything?" not a widow, can't, or won't, give any "Oh, no; she wasn't that sort of w stand the deed; no woman can, perhaps, but with a man it is different. He loved could help; though she seemed to love to asked me to come every day and report." account of herself. People do say she man, and, so far as I can make out, she fuss about them when he was absent, "In a moment of excitement, yes; in went into Market Burnham 'to church never, what you might call, talked to dusting and putting to rights.' another, she went off. Besides, you've you-as any man might-he meant to ask "You're like all girls," Mrs. Bloor id, "wonderfully interested in a backe-newspapers will tell her all you could." but I don't know what would have take anyone. Once or twice, some of the peoher there. In spite of its name, there's say, they saw her walking with a said, "wonderfully interested in a bache-lor's rooms; but you must know everynot more than fifty souls in the place man in the woods, in the evening, but no deed, regretted, loathed tie, came to him Jasper looked up and laughed. te seems to have seen his face. "I don't know so much about that," he at the worst moment possible; wanted to come back into his life, and then, when "But a church, perhaps?" Maria said. thing there is in Mr. Warne's by hear "Yes, a church, certainly, and a clergy-"And no one knows what her life was man as old as the hills, as deaf as a por "And yet," Maria said, "I shall oe Neston? more than the newspapers. Philip be- he refused, threatened to make a scandal and almost as blind as an adder. If she "So far as I can make out, no one My sorry to go away from here even for a ing out of the running now-for, of threatened to tell you, perhaps. It-it few days, as I suppose I must scon. You course, he is-I could tell her, for in- made him mad, for he did hope to win o the Hermitage was her wedding day. and the walk was nothing to her. She did go there, and I doubt it, it was bepinion is that she lived there, and her She, and the man, too, though no one stepped out quickly, thinking deeply as seems to have seen him, stopped at the she went. cause some bygone happiness had been usband, or lover-the man who murder knew, did you not, that I have another stance, that"-his voice sank a little- you. He hated her, as men always do hers there, and to visit the place brought Hermitage for a week. Then one night off they went again for six months. Then she came back alone, but happy still, and then slowly her face changed. She never d her, and who has ran away nowhate women they have loved and tired of, visit to pay? "that I love her!" back again." "Which wouldn't be news, probably." isited her off and on, until he deserted "Another visit?" Mrs. Bloor repeated. "Some bygone happiness!" Maria said her. Then she came on here, and took Maria nodded "Yes," she answered. "Mother spring it upon me at the last minute; it's some do you? I don't think you ever will." the one room she lived in. But, of to herself. "I wonder-if I had ever so few. He saw you slipping from been married I should know, I suppose? said anything to me, but it was easy to see she was fretting. Her husband had It seemed ten thousand pities that she ourse, it's pure supposition. "Did she call herself Miss or Mrs.?" "Mrs,-Mrs. Carline-Carline being, of -would the wedding day of a woman who had been neglected as Carline was, "And my fortune," Leslie put in. of her people. I don't want to go. I'm "Why not? She likes me, she must like probably grown tired of her, perhaps de serted her. She was poor, I think. She "I shall succeed," she said to herself. "I They live in the county of Essex, me. She would not, even in a moment "Surely he thought a litle of my forurse her Christian name.". have been a day of happy memory? If of excitement, have asked me to come if you know where that is." "To be sure." Mrs. Bloor returned. "That's not far. "Well, I suppose it's only right you should visit your mother's "And how can I get to Neston?" is it possible she was married there? bought less and less, then suddenly she am sure of that, and yet it will be ter "And your fortune," Jasper said, She trembled a little as the thought "You can take the train, and if you gave up the house and went away, but rible. He has been our friend; he lover she paid up everything first, including the me. He is a murderer whom I am track loring. "And-that was unfortunate came, and grew pale and afraid; but her want to learn anything, you'd best go to -there being a dagger near at people, Maria, I wouder whether you take after them. You're not a bit like "Yes, I suppose they do," she said, revoice was quite steady when she spoke. Was it only on the Sunday she took ment. The house was taken in her name, Mrs. Carline. Mr. Miller, that is the landlord, thought before she went that the general store in the village. Mrs. Smith has lived there all her life, and hand, he struck her down, and killed our family. We were always personable |luctantly. knows all the ins and outs of the village. this walk?" she asked. "And she fell-how?" Leslie asked. "But they want to get mar-Mrs. Smith had finished displaying as -but I shall miss you. When do you ried to the right, not the wrong, man. I If she can't tell you anything about the she was probably a widow, recently be- try lanes. Now and then a laborer pass many haddocks as she thought necessary. oman who probably called herself Mrs. "Oh, to-morrow, or the next day." she don't suppose there would be a single old maid in the world if every woman could reaved, and that she wanted quiet." "Poor woman!" Maria said again. "I seems to have been too careful." One old woman, driving a neat, well-"How should I know?" he answered. go? Now she arranged some gaily-tinted caliarline there also, no one can." "How should you know?" Leshe reanswered, "and I'll soon be back. Now I marry the man she wanted to; for at Maria Bloor, who certainly seemed to coes. peated. "You told the story so well, that One old woman, driving a neat, well must go and wire in at Mr. Warne's some time or other during her life every room. I think I heard him go out." s all. Some people have that gift, have ave done strange things since she came "Ah, that I can't say," she answered "I'rust a man for looking after his own groomed donkey, drew up, and offered interests," Mrs. Smith answered. "Oh, her a lift. Maria Bloor accepted the he must have been a wily one! It's offer with alacrity. they not? One almost thinks the narra-England, laid a sovereign on the table. 'I don't know that she even went there "What ears you have!" Mrs. Bloor said; "though, to be sure"—and she look-men realize more than you men do that "Do tive personal. Really, Jasper, for an "One question more," she said. at all, but one has the gossip brought to ou think the woman was married? Did said; "though, to be sure"--and she look-ed at the frizzled curtain of Maria's hair it's better to make no bargain at all than though I had the murderer of poor Carstrange such a careful man should have one. A woman in my position hears "Thank you, ' she said. "I'm going to everything, both truth and lies. I heard a good many of what I am sure were lies about Mrs. Carline. She told me once that her husband was a sailor, but, bless me they always say that when that she give you that idea? A young mareverything, both truth and lies. I heard line beside me! Why, how white you ried woman generally, somehow, im-presses one as married. A sort of pride, "I have never seen them. a bad one?" Maria did a strange thing when she "You think I should be a bad one " look! I believe I've frightened you, and entered Jasper's rooms that day; she shut lignity-I don't quite know what you call "For Leslie, yes." you have nothing to be frightened about, have you, Jasper? Is this Scotland the door, and slipped the bolt. me, they always say that when . they "Much more like him," Maria Bloor or drive it, and it's nothing; walk it and nswered. "And yet I love her very dearly. There -comes to her. The photographer shook his head. "Goodness knows what excuse I shall make if he comes back!" she said to her ther. I darsay you don't believe it, but "Shall I be able to see what I want to The photographer shock his head. "I don't know," he answered. "It cer-tainly did not occur to me that she was a married woman, but if she were mar-ried, it was a secret marriage, and the ried, it was a secret marriage, and the ried, it was a secret marriage, and the tainly did not occur to me that she was a married woman, but if she were mar-ried, it was a secret marriage, and the tainly did not occur to me that she was a married woman, but if she were mar-ried, it was a secret marriage, and the tainly did not occur to me that she was a married woman but if she were mar-ried, it was a secret marriage, and the tainly did not occur to me that she was a married woman but if the were mar-ried, it was a secret marriage, and the tainly did not occur to me that she was to a young girl like you like this, but you Maria nodded her head. Ma "Shall I be able to see what I want to self; "but I can't be disturbed. Now, I it's true." wonder where I had better look? And I "You have not told me what it is you a married woman, but if she were mar-Mrs. Strangeways shook her head. wonder what I'm really looking for?" "No, I don't believe it," she answered. "There are no chivalrous knights now. do want to see," he answered, as he She took off her glasses, and her eyes-"Indeed I do," she answered. "Will rou tell me how long ago it was that urs. Carline came here?" Mrs. Smith put on her thinking cap. "A matter of three years or a little ess, I should think," she answered. "It's a quiet, secluded place," she went on pride, dignity-call it what you like, miss helped her out. beautiful eyes that did not look in the Men say 'I'd do this, that, and the other -would not be there. A woman secretly She looked at him strangely. Had they least degree weak-were sparkling like for love of a lady,' but it's not true; they married generally suspects that the world believes she has a lover, and that two been conspirators, and anyone else Mrs. Carline came here?" She pushed back the thick do it for love of themselves. I supp present, one might have said it was a coarse hair from her brow, then she look- there really is a warrant out for Philip's glance of warning. is what she feels like herself. You can't "I want to see the photograph of Car-line," Leslie answered. "I want to have of affairs which makes you think the arrest?" "If I had a secret," she said, half aloud, "Undoubtedly. He's more of a coward a quiet, secluded place," she went on. cause. "No." Maria answered, smiling a little "if I were a man and this room mine, where should I keep it? Should I hide more of a fool, too, to run away. When world is turning up its nose at you, and "It might interest you to go and have a Few men, but many women, will treasa good look at it." cold-shouldering you." "Poor girl!" Maria said. "Poor un-"But why?" he asked." look at it, quite shut off from the rest of the world. I remember the night—yes, it be less than three years ago—a closed ure dead roses: few men, but most wo they have been happy, but the ghost of sort as you do. Besides, life in a great it? Or, under the circumstances, be- do you expect Leslie home?" "Oh, a whim, a mere whim; besides, as I told you, I think I ought, at all events, lieving no suspicion could fall upon me, "When I see her. She's not treating appy girl! What a life to have lived! should I just leave it where it had al- me well, but I suppose I shall receive her And, oh, what a brute-what a beast"to appear to want to clear my lover's carriage rattled through the village and past joy lingers about the spot; loving city produces a sort of restlessness will speaking passionately—"the man must have been to make her lead it. He would ways been? with open arms when she comes back. name made us all start a bit. Half-an-hour words, sweet caresses, return to one's, we walk off. I don't think we could si A man's belongings do not. as a rule, Jasper"-she started suddenly and leant later. Job Fellow, one of the men that drives the station flies, tells us that he's woman always treasures the thought that it wouldn't suit us." "But, in reality?" he said, and held his breath. "In reality?" she repeated. "Oh, do deserve no pity-none at all-even if he had not murdered her, and I"-she clenchtake up very much room. He does not forward-"you don't think she has gone breath. require the cupboard and wardrobe off to him?" just driven a lady and gentleman to the Hermitage. He didn't seem to have no-'Perhaps not." the woman returned, room which a woman is obliged to have. ed her dark, beautifully-shaped hands-'To him?" things ever get so far as in reality with If a woman has a secret, there are a hundred places in which she may keep it; if a man has one, it is generally among his papers. He turned very pale. He rose and looked round him a little wildly, then he sank into his chair again. (The philip!'' he repeated. "No, im-If a woman has a secret, there are a "I will have no pity on him!" human beings? Don't we act from the ticed the man, but the woman was Mrs. Carline. He described her to me, and I together. It is a foolish hope, but even (To be continued.) He turned very pale. He rose and cradle to the grave? I really can't an-CHAPTER XXVII. Jessup, Ga., Oct. 21 .- President Roose recognized her when she came in the first hope that is foolish is better than des-But if it was only acting and not reality Late to bed and early to rise, was the among ins papers. Maria crossed to Jasper's desk, after a moment, and found, as she had expected, that it was locked. This, however, did that however, did that however, did that however, did that how that made her face so white, her expres-sion so tense, as she bent over the pho-sion so tense, as she bent over the pho-

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CHAPTER XXVI.

ady stepped in.

He bowed gracefully.

The girl sat down.

or guilty. She is not that sort of wo- ing of the very best. not deter her. She whipped a number of strange-looking keys from her pocket. man.' and Jasper's correspondence was soon at Mrs Mrs. Strangeways laughed. her mercy. She lifted papers and letters had come upon two or three little notes

could I do?" "Nothing," Leslie's voice said at the you are ill!" door. She had entered the room unob-

the middle receptacle of the desk, but she found nothing of interest. As carefully Jasper, I'm so pleased to see you." She But SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS: as she had taken the things out, she put spoke excitedly, her color came and went. nor yet to keep Jasper company longer. "Was that your cab at the door? If so, so another cab was called, and the man "Nothing there," she said to 'kerself, nd proceeded to open the drawers. (b, yes! How do you do? Strange, is And the face of Jasper, as he stood

we must be conventional and shake man who is afraid!

"You know I will do anything in the world you you," he answered. "May I reasonable and strong suspicion of one

say, Leslie, that I don't think you ought to be running about alone " "No? Then I must not do it, must I?

"None. What do you want with disappeared; there certainly seemed no need for the police to look beyond the

Scotland .Yard?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "Nothing, really." she answered; "but er, and they did not do so. They would ometimes one has to pretend. I ought run him to earth some day, and then they at least, ought I not, to appear to think would hang him-or, at all events, the doing something for him. I don't want

the society paragraphists—one goes in not having wider suspicions. An inno-fear and trembling of these people—to cent man does not run away, and Philip Mrs. Smith had opened one box write that I am quite heartless. It might," she laughed, "it might destroy

ny chances." again, but, by accident or design, she put hers behind her.

"Of what?" he asked. "Oh, what we women are always hinking of, our 'she won't be happy till

sne gets it'-I mean marriage, of course. If circumstances over which I have no It was 6 o'clock in th control prevent my marrying Philip, I light was too bad to take photographs

nust marry someone else, of course. Jasper, are you ready ?"

He laughed excitedly. "To marry you?" he said, audaciously. Yes, this moment, if you will."

She laughed, first at Mrs. Strangeways, Hewitt, I believe?" then at him. "No, to give me a seat in your cab."

she answered. "Come along, you can spare the time, of course? I don't know" herself off. She says she has property to look after: so she has, of course, heaps of property in the country, and here, in -she turned and glanced at Mrs. Strange-

night." Mrs. Strangeways looked angry. "I can't and won't have you running about like this," she said. Leslie crossed swiftly to her and kissed

"My dear," she answered, "not one of "She's no beauty," Mrs. Bloor confided to her husband, "but I don't know when sitting down himself, his hat held lightly given us. Come, Jasper. Don't"-she

"No more than the man in the moon," go mad; you wouldn't wish that. and her dark skin, and black hair, I Mrs. Strangeways answered. "Probably Jasper followed her from the house, and they took their places in the waiting time, laughing, almost crying, going on corner. Perhaps she found it more comname-in good round terms. My own close to him one day of her own accord man loves and unloves in a minute, and "None," Jasper returned, leaning for- does not blush for his fickleness; a wo-

shop early. Folk might want anything "Poor girl!" she said, softly, "Poor in a hurry, from a bottle of unsweetened Mrs. Strangeways laughed. "Every woman is that sort of woman girll Jasper"-she pointed to an orna-in the morning. Folk didn't all keep quickly, placing them upon one side, when she loves!" she answered. "Oh, I --"do you think Philip's likeness is in stores of everything in the house. Mrs. once, curiously enough, she colored. She ought not to have let her go, but what that locket, or that of another man? If Smith felt it her duty to have the shutonly we could open it and see! Jasper, ters up as short a time as possible, and acted accordingly.

"No," he said. "No," and pulled him-It was 7 o'clock. The carrier had just he dates on each. She went slowly and carefully through haw ind back but she wooden boxes in the shop.

"Fish, I think," he said. "I seemed to But Leslie did not want to go home, detect the aroma." "Addicks," Mrs. Smith answered: "It's

not long since I introduced them, but they are going down well. Mr. Sims (Mr. looking after the cab, was the face of a Sims was the village fishmonger) will think I'm doing him a bad turn, but] can't help it: filthy was the only word be applied to his dried fish, and the fresh ain't much better. Would you feel like a fresh-dried finnin (that was Mrs. It has been proved over and over again Smith's way of pronouncing it) yourself, Mr. Carter? If so, I'll just whip open that there is nothing so antagonistic to this case, and you're very welcome." The carrier drew his hand across his person, something that goes a good bit lips, and smacked them loudly.

short of proof, but yet looks like truth. A woman whom Philip Gilchrist ac 'It ain't an offer to be refused, Mrs. Smith," he said, "and glad I am, and found murdered in his rooms, and he had glad others is, that you've taken the fish in hand. Nature requires fish. Phosphorus is necessary to the human consti tution, but nature also requires that the man who had run away for the murder. fish should be wholesome. Let me do that little job for you. No? Well, you always was a woman to do everything yourself, and no one-let him b whom he may-the King upon his throne

Mrs. Smith had opened one box, se eted a haddock of a golden orange hue apparently had. Mr. Hewitt, the photographer, had rethat spoke to her of a good rich full flavor, and was just wrapping it in a piece of paper, when someone entered the shop. She looked at the carrier and quiry, and the part he had taken in smiled. to a large audience in the village inn. He

"If I got up at cockcrow," she said. I should have customers. And what' she turned to the girl who had entered-"can I do for you, my dear? If

breakfast you're thinking about, I can recommend one of these"-and she point-It was 6 o'clock in the evening. The ed to the haddocks. "I'm sorry it's not breakfast," Maria had anyone wished to be taken. Mr. Hewitt was just tidying up, when there came a loud ring at the studio bell. He Bloor said, and her pretty lips smiled becrossed the room, opened the door, and a neath her ugly goggle glasses. "I've come to see you, if you are Mrs. Smith.' "If ." the propiretor of the general "Good evening," she said. "Mr.

stores answered. "You don't come from these parts, my dear, or you wouldn't "That is my name," he answered. "Have you come to be photographed? ('m afraid"—he looked at the girl before have to ask." "I am from London," Maria answered

If Mrs. Bloor had been there, she would certainly have wondered that the girl did im, and thought her an altogether uninteresting subject-the light is too bad not say "I am from Australia." o get a really satisfactory picture. Towould have seemed more natural, though morrow morning, at ten, I could manage last impressions are certainly sometime strongest. "And I want to know whether you can tell me anything about Mrs.

"But I don't want my photograph Carline?' taken," she answered. 'I've come about this Park View affair. I want you to The carrier paused in the doorway, and

wished Mrs. Smith good morning; then tell me all you know about that poor murdered girl. Won't you sit down too? she turned to Maria. "The woman's been murdered, hasn't she?" she said. "I've not said a word Has anyone else come to you from"-she hesitated a moment-"Scotland Yard?" to anyone-I don't talk-but I saw the

"No one," he answered, and he looked case in the paper, and the photographwonderfully pleased, as indeed he was. er's evidence, and supposed it was the He would have more than ever now to tell his pals. "What do you want to same. "Yes," Maria said. "She's been m

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know about the poor girl?" "Everything you can tell me. How dered-cruelly murdered. I want to find out by whom. Did you ever see her with long she lived here. How long ago it is since she first came here. What she did a man here?"

Mrs. Smith busied herself taking the to keep herself. And when she went away. Perhaps you won't mind if I take haddocks from the box, sorting them into threepenny, fourpenny, fivepenny and sixa few notes? You will, of course, be ecompensed for your loss of time." penny ones.

"Never." she answered: "though I've Mr. Hewitt smiled, and, certainly nothheard some folk caught a flying glimpse ng loth, told all he knew. of one here and there; not enough recognize him, you may be sure. As far as he could say, Carline had come there about six months ago-he did such men are careful, but it's pretty clear



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